

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871
THE NEXT NEW ENGLAND FAIR,
A VISIT TO THE FAIR GROUNDS.

On Monday last we made a brief visit to Lowell with a view of looking over the Fair grounds and taking an observation in anticipation of the great New England Fair, which commences on the fifth of August next. Our first object of visit was, of course, of E. T. Rowell, Esq., the efficient Assistant Secretary of the Fair, and one of the editors of the Lowell *Courier* and *Journal*. We found Mr. Rowell in his office and at his post of duty; answering the numerous correspondents, who from Maine to Connecticut were writing, too, for information with regard to some matter connected with the new England Society's Exhibition. As yet, Mr. Rowell informed us, he was not fully in possession of all the information sought; a great many inquiries made with regard to the facilities in the transportation of stock. We learned, however, that Colonels Riddle and Needham, and Mr. Rowell, were all busy in perfecting railroad arrangements, and that at a very early day, probably within a week, the whole detail would be perfected and given to the public through the press.

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After spending a couple of hours at the office, we took a drive to the Fair grounds. We found some forty men busily at work making, repairing, and putting up sheds, stalls, and putting up acres of sheds, stalls and stables. We must confess to a little surprise at the extent of the preparation being made by the enterprising citizens of Lowell for this great New England anniversary. A large tract of land has been added to the commodious grounds heretofore occupied by the Middlesex North Society; and with the additional ground, the new and extensive sheds and box stalls, the immense structure erected for the exhibition of fancy and other goods, the large tents to be pitched, or the display of heavy machinery and agricultural implements, the track and railroad cars, the wagons, which will be used by the Boston and Lowell Railroad Company to hand out only passengers, but stock and implements directly on the ground, this Eighth Fair of the New England Society must be superior to any of its predecessors.

The general interest of the citizens of Lowell has no means abated. "The Fair" is the general theme of conversation; and at sundown, on every pleasant afternoon, hundreds of men, women and children, daily visit the grounds to note the progress of improvement. The enormous covered sheds, hundreds of feet in length, on the upper end of the ground, are objects of great curiosity. They are built in the most symmetrical manner, with sharp, sharp roof and wide enough for two rows of stalls. The passage between these sheds is wide, enough for four carriage drives abreast, and pedestrian visitors, even, have to have abundance of room for observation.

Take the whole ground together, and we venture the assertion that a more beautiful Fair ground never was planned, either in New England or any of the States of the Union. There is everywhere abundance of room. No limit need be made to the entry of carriages or horses; and after hundreds of people can gain access to most desirable positions, it will be during the Fair week by the fastest trains in America.

And now have a look at what is given the best trotting blood in the country will be on exhibition; and the owners of the fairest and best breeds of cattle in the New England States will be present to vie with each other in the display of their several breeds, and to challenge the admiration and criticism of the world. With such a prospect, we congratulate the officers of the New England Society in their selection of a location for the Eighth Fair of the New England Agricultural Society.

Beautiful Lakes.—Mr. Gilmore is abroad in the world with his new prospectus for the grand World's Peace Jubilee for 1872, to be held in Boston, with the co-operation of all civilized nations. There is to be a roof raised that will cover one hundred thousand persons, an orchestra of one thousand musicians, bands containing another thousand, and a chorus of twenty thousand voices, so that any body can understand what a scale the preparations are to be on. Mr. Gilmore is a man of infinite energy and indomitable spirit. This same old man who stood at his back in 1869 are ready to see him through in 1872. He will become much more efficient through his past experience. Foreign nations are to be represented by their finest musical talent and skill, and the invitation to the spectacle will be general to the world. The object is to celebrate the restoration of peace everywhere, and especially the return of safety and tranquility to the two great nations that alone speak the English tongue.

The Horrors of Famine.—Besides death and violence in New York, the horrors in Buenos Ayres, and shocking instances of murders almost everywhere, the story of the Persian famine is as crowded with horror as any catastrophe that has paled on the public mind for many years. It is ascribed to the tyranny and greed of the government in the first place, and to the neglect of the people to raise food when they thought it paid better to plant cotton and poppy-seed. With the famine, or close upon it, came pestilence and death. The scenes attending its ravages are too horrible to contemplate. Parents killing and eating their own children; men killing women and turning cannibals in the exhibition of itself; it is not pleasant even to record such things by way of pointing them perfectly atrocious. The world is in present witness some very strange experiences, this one seeming to be the culmination of them all.

Over the Falls.—This terrible phren has a startling significance at Niagara where it strikes instant fate to every heart. Two men were borne over the rapids a few days since, making the frightful passage at midnight. They were crossing the river above, but their route lay too near the falls. It is surmised that an ore or coke, or some other part of the apparatus, had got lost, and was thrown into the water, and that the boat was dashed against the rocks, and was torn to pieces.

For twenty-four hours no positive proofs presented themselves of the actual catastrophe, but after that fragments of their boat were seen below the falls, and a flask which they were known to have had with them. The bodies were not recovered, and they are now doubt churning in the wild vortex of waters whose roar appeals as often it excites the mind to thoughts of submersion.

A Sorrowful Affliction.—Rev. Henry Gile has been called up to endure a new grief in the death of his only remaining daughter, who expired at the house of her grandmother at Buckport, Me., on the 21st ult. Her sister was drowned at the same place two years ago, on which occasion the young lady now deceased was rescued from a like fate, but never wholly recovered from the severe shock which her feeble frame then received.

EXCURSION OF AGRICULTURAL EDITORS.

LETTERS NO. 11.

Correspondence of the Ploughman
over the Erie Railroad.—The Party—The Lake of Central New York—The Western Reserve—Ohio Agriculture.

MAMMOT CAVES HOTES, Mammoth Co., Ky.

July 20, 1871.

According to the programme published in the last *Ploughman*, our party, representing the prominent agricultural papers of the country, gathered at the Chamber street Ferry, in New York City, on the morning of the 18th, to cross the Hudson River and take passage in the Pullman Palace cars of the Erie railroad. The first objective point is South Carolina; the second stage the falls of the Missouri; and the terminus of the excursion parks and mountains of Colorado. The object of the excursion is to inspect the farms of the West, to make a tour of the railroads, and to examine the unexplored vistas of futurefulness and improvement.

The party consists of ten members, all of whom are to be engaged in the examination of the farms of the country, and the study of the methods of agriculture, and the results of the experiments made with regard to the condition and capabilities of a country continental in extent, and that at a very early day, probably within a week, the whole detail would be perfected and given to the public through the press.

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The Start.

The party started on the 18th, on the Erie, were superb, and the smoothness of the road, the beauty of the scenery along the valleys of the Delaware and the Susquehanna, after the thunder-storm of the previous day, contributed to the pleasure of the high-sounding atmosphere of the thunder-storm.

The party reached the wonder of the Indiana and Louisville road, and stop at the Galt House, a magnificent structure costing a million dollars, furnished with taste and magnificence, and kept by a prince of landlords.

On Thursday we reached this wonder of the world, which I will refer to but not describe in my next.

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LETTER NO. III.

The Mammoth Cave.—*The Bridges over the Ohio and Mississippi—The Prairie—The St. Louis Fair—Fair—Sweep!—Snow!—Gardens—The Water Works—Reception by Citizens.*

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, July 28, 1871.

My last letter left the editorial excursion party at the Mammoth Cave, in Marion county, Kentucky, and I am now in Leavenworth, Kansas, where I am to remain until the 1st of August.

There is a hole in every person in Russia, but we fancy that not every person has one.

Louis Napoleon is sixty-three, and fat and receding.

—Whipping at the Westboro Reform School is now discontinued.

The store market at the great money center is the same as at the time of my departure.

Yacht regattas are set down for points all along the coast.

A large party of New Yorkers are off California, accompanied by a band of experts.

—There is a man in Spokane, N. W., who has been inside a zebra car, and he is seven years old. He says if he were going to Boston, he should drive his horse, "Ginger" alone.

The man who got in front of a moving machine was the one who thought all flesh is grass.

Old John Harper, the owner of the sheep farm, Longfellow, appears, though in homely and odd dress, and holding a staff.

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—There

The Poet's Corner.

By WILLIAM COLLES BRENT.

Swallow from beyond the sea!

That, with every dawning day,

Sitting on the balcony,

Unto that plaintive lay,

What is that thou tellst me,

Swallow from beyond the sea?

Happier than art thou then I.

They thy tru'ly twine my bear,

Swallow from beyond the sea!

Filling with the airy air,

Calling him continually,

Swallow from beyond the sea!

Could I hope? But I must pine

In this dungeon and low,

Where the sun can never shine,

Where the breeze can never blow,

With my voice scarce resound;

Swallow from beyond the sea!

Now Scorn me not, nor me,

Thou to distant lands will fly;

In another hemisphere

Other streams shall answer thee,

Swallow from beyond the sea?

Then shall I when daylight glows,

Melt into winter frosty snow;

Then I heartily note again,

Notes that seem to grive for me,

Swallow from beyond the sea!

Planted here upon the ground,

There shall find a cross in Spring;

There as evenges gather round,

When the winds still sing thy wing;

Chant a mournful dirge,

Swallow from beyond the sea!

Ladies' Department.

From Sister's Monthly for August.

MY VOCATION,

AND

WHAT CAME OF IT.

It was not strange, that people should say I married her for a home; I was homeless enough when she took me, God knows. Worn and tired, too, with years of teaching school. I had no money, but I knew what I could earn. It had made me poor, but it had tried me, soul and spirit, until at last I almost hated the sight of the high brick walls and heavy gate that made my prison. When I had come home, I had no time for the children! All my wealth went there, though I clung to it; all my beauty—if ever I had any. Notice, however, that I could charm, that was my hair, heavy and dark and soft to the touch.

"Why do you not leave it? Why do you not marry a friend who loves you?"

—"I have loved no one who asked me, until John came. And then, though they had urged it upon me, they whispered among themselves, 'She has him now.' He is mine. Perhaps because he was your older than I. Perhaps—I did not know. It troubled me, but I did not mind it, since I had the touch."

So I left the school. The great gate clanged after me for the last time, and I could have cried with joy. Then I went to be John's wife, and to take care of him. At first I was not so good. At first it gave me a pang to think of this woman who had been to him all my life. Who had given him his home, his wife, his children. When I told him this, it was like him, the way he always did, to make me feel bad. He made his home so bright for a little time, and then he gone away, leaving this little child. It was so I would like to be remembered.

But I was now in my greatest pains then. I was jealous of invasion or prior claim. And I cried that night when he came because he had been away so long.

—"John, I love you, Esther. I did not think anything but the child could be to him."

I raised my head quickly. "Do you mean—"

"Yes, dear; you may try."

He turned over his neck, and laughed and cried together.

"Pray don't扰乱 your heart. It will soon come."

—"Even if I have to go away from you a little while," I said at first, "I will trust you. You taught me to trust you."

—"John, I cry close to him. I laid my head against his arm. One moment I thought he had not spoken. I will do my best to be his wife, in the grave, quiet way he told me this. It was like him, the way he always did, to make me feel bad. He made his home so bright for a little time, and then he gone away, leaving this little child. It was so I would like to be remembered.

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—"John, I love you, Esther. I did not think anything but the child could be to him."

And that was all said.

DEATH.

So one night I made my trial. It was brought about, no matter how. Helping hand for good or evil are always ready to help us.

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